

Good Morning 544

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

THREE Ds
GO BY
COLOUR,
A.B. Jack Knight



THIS is a picture of Portsmouth's happiest triplets, and they are the "kid" brothers of A.B. Jack Knight, of 57 Hayling Avenue, Copnor.

"They are regular little scamps—proper blitz kids," their mother told us, but you can see she adores them, all the same.

That's Desmond and David with the shovels, and Derek shouldering the garden fork, but they're so much alike that Mrs. Knight still has to mark their clothes to tell which is which! So Desmond always has a bit of green about him, while David has a little blue, and Derek's colour is red.

We thought this little group would be a happy way, A.B. Knight, of conveying to you the best wishes of all at Hayling Avenue in the New Year.

Incidentally, your mother was no end pleased to get a birthday telegram from you. She felt it was ever so thoughtful, and it gave her quite a thrill. And the gift parcel of tea, too! That was a most acceptable present.

You will probably smile over Desmond's birthday present to his mother—a coal shovel. Of course, it only cost a few pence,

and about a week afterwards he looked at it a bit disgusted and said he wished he'd bought a better one!

And, of course, the boys couldn't keep their Mum's Christmas present a secret—a writing pad, a bottle of ink, and a pen—so she had to have it long before Christmas Day! Anyhow, you know there will be no excuse if you don't get your mail regular now.

Michael and Mollie have returned home from Brockenhurst and Salisbury for good. All the secondary school children who were evacuated are now back at school again in Portsmouth.

Mollie wants to be a teacher, but Mike is looking forward to joining the Navy, like his Dad and you, when he is old enough.

Your sister Peggy is very proud of her baby—your godson Peter, whom you have not yet seen. She thinks he is a marvellous baby, and we were to tell you that they don't think he is going to have red hair!

Well, that's about all, Jack, except a "God bless" from all at Hayling Avenue for you and all the crew, with the hope that you will all have a safe return.

and for Manchester City, Billy West Ham, Mortensen for Arsenal, Bootle (19), outside-right; and and Tom Pearson has turned out for Bath City. Uncle Sam's lease-

lend arrangement doesn't seem to keep to guns and spam!

Jack Hacking, ex-England and Oldham Athletic goalkeeper, is now manager of Accrington.

Over the desert of the Middle East we may see Stan Cullis, international turned soldier, showing the boys how to play soccer on the sand.

Stan Pearson, the young Manchester United forward, has gone overseas, too. In battalion matches, and in the arenas of saved cities, he's been taking soldiers' minds now and then off peeling spuds.

A letter home from Matt Busby, Liverpool's former captain and post war coach, describes how the team which the F.A. sent recently to Paris

and Brussels was a tonic to the troops.

Tommy Finney, hailed as a second Matthews, is pretty hefty stiffening material for the teams which play "off duty" matches in the Middle East. He strings along in both footslogging and soccer with McLaren, of Preston.

It was also in the burning desert that Andy Beattie, the Scottish International, took part in a British side which beat a team representing Yugoslavia 7-2.

Bryn Jones, who was transferred from Wolverhampton to Arsenal for £14,000, is playing for England against Hitler—and for a Service side in his spare time in Yugoslavia.

And the moral, you sailor guys, is this—there isn't much wrong in the liberated countries where British football is played.

Many of yesterday's stars are in Battle Dress, and in off duty hours are showing Europe how to play first-class football, reports International referee TOM BENTLEY

Soccer Shock Troops Shine in the Field

FOOTBALL'S field of gossip now stretches out of Britain and across into Europe.

The soccer stars of yesterday, in battle-dress instead of shorts, are with the armies overseas, and a surprisingly large number of first-class games are being played as the Allies move on.

They are the "stiffening" forces in the off-duty games which are being played—the "shock troops" in Army v. R.A.F. in Paris or Armentieres, and Limeys v. Yanks in Brussels or Antwerp.

That wasn't what they joined up for, of course, but they grab artists-turned-soldier for the camp concerts, so why not erstwhile soccer stars for football?

Meanwhile, youthful "finds" are filling the gaps left on the football fields of Britain when the old stars went gunning for the Nazis. Now we have British football played both here and "over there."

In this country Tom Lawton, Everton and England centre-forward, is using up a large slice of his time putting correct football boots on the feet of the young players. Tom has taken a fatherly interest in the kids, and he's giving them the lowdown.

Hints from his experience are like diamonds in the East End, for they shine with the Lawton touch.

I was impressed the other day hearing him give a lesson on First Aid for Football Boots to a handful of eager youngsters who are already making strides on the top-class soccer fields.

The idea, says Lawton, is to make the boot fit the foot. Recipe—get a new pair of boots two sizes less than the sort you use for walking, and then stand in very hot water (with the boots on, of course!) until you can feel the heat coming through. Then dump them in cold water. Repeat formula several times, and then give dubbin a chance.

It may be only the Lawton way, but you can bet your old age pension those kids would follow Tom.

At the Liverpool ground the other week we saw a rather well-known guy who doesn't play football himself watching a match there.

I realised it was interesting enough to put the brake on for a moment, for there was Mr. Ernest Bevin gazing rapturously at the flying ball.

Wonder if that bloke was really

relaxing, or whether he's figuring on recruiting labour for the old game as a hobby.

A well-known club manager after he'd been taking a peep at the Army International match at Hampton Park, Scotland, confided to me his confirmed opinion that Frank Swift was the best goalkeeper of all time.

"Caught the ball like a basket of chips," was his cryptic comment.

Then there's Joe Mercer. You remember Joe—the Everton and English International half-back? Some of the well-known boys have been worrying about their corner in the post-war employment class. But not Joe. He's gate crashing the grocery trade; I hear.

But before the apple blossom time there's the English International team for old Joe.

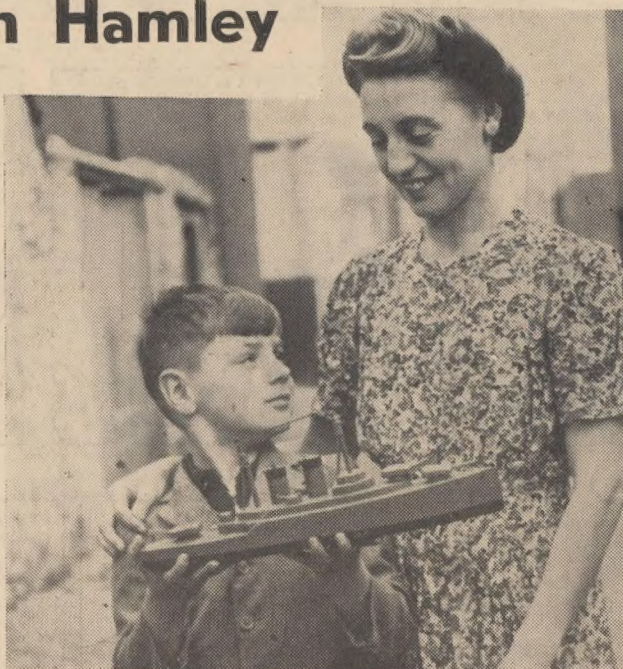
Wonder if you know any of the six babes of soccer, all under 20, who got their chance on the opening day of the season in the Manchester City v. Tranmere Rovers match—Alder (18), centre-forward; Morrey (17), inside-right; Wheeler (17), outside-left; and Williamson (18), left half-back. (These four, for Tranmere, have all been signed on as professionals); for

Wedding News and Conkers for Torp./Inst. P.O. Reuben Hamley

THERE'S news aplenty for Mikado Cafe, Mrs. Hamley sat at table with your mother. Bill's wife Elsie, Jim's wife Ellen, George's wife Doris and Albert's wife Irene were there too, but although none of your five brothers could attend, "baby" brother Stanley did all right for a seventeen-years-old, and as Best Man, gave a fine speech in which you all were brought to mind.

But it was a "hen" party, said your wife, almost all the guests were wives, although she did notice "one very neat piece about 17" that young Stan had his eye on. When Mrs. Hamley sounded him about his intentions, Stanley professed the belief in getting married young, and said he was going to "pop" the question when he's eighteen, before he joins the navy.

While Mrs. Hamley was enjoying the wedding, your son, Peter, with his Auntie Marjorie and his cousin George, aged 12 were off for the day on a ramble to Cawsand, catching the ferry at Admiral's Hard, and riding the bus from Hard, and riding the bus from Cremyll. The kiddies collected hundreds of "conkers," before Peter returned, ravenously hungry to a pre-arranged tea at Grannie Giles's, where, said Mrs. Hamley, he ate them out of "house and home."



Your wife wants you to and his toys, she posed for a photograph, when there was an interruption—the telegraph boy had just arrived with your telegram which Mrs. Hamley read aloud. It said just "Keep smiling."

"You can tell him from me, we're doing that all right," she said.

FRENCH FOR SLEEP

THE dormouse gets its name from the French for sleep, and is certainly a champion among the lie-abeds, curling itself into a ball in a suitable spot as soon as the chill of autumn appears and remaining asleep until the spring.

Its sleep is profound. I have seen the furry ball rolled along the ground without showing any signs of waking, or being any the worse for the experience later!

The dormouse loses weight in its sleep. Every bodily process is slowed down almost to vanishing point—its breathing is imperceptible. But during its sleep it exhausts the layer of fat which makes it such a sleek, attractive creature in the late summer. It wakes up thin, and immediately has a meal from the acorns and so on with which it stocked up before retiring.

Its next concern is to start family life again. But it is nothing like so prolific as the common house mouse, and usually has only four babies. Usually it is the children that

go to bed before the parents. With the dormice, it is the parents who retire first. The youngsters wait a little longer in order to put on the necessary fat before curling up for the winter.

Exactly what makes animals hibernate is still something of a mystery. It is, of course, connected with temperature.

Dormice that do not hibernate in Africa have taken to hibernation when brought to England, and hibernation has been artificially induced in animals by control of the conditions.

T. S. Douglas

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



Neff calls at the Dietrichson house about some renewals on motor policies. In the absence of Dietrichson, he is entertained by Phyllis, and falls heavily for her. Already her scheming brain is plotting to get rid of the unwanted husband with the help of this handsome insurance man.

DOUBLE INDEMNITY

This is a story of illicit love, of two who plotted the "perfect murder," of a little man who could smell a phoney accident claim the moment it came on his desk. It is the story of the tangled lives of Walter Neff, slick insurance salesman (Fred MacMurray), Phyllis Dietrichson, lovely, blonde and bad-as-they-come (Barbara Stanwyck) and Barton Keyes, hard-bitten "Claims Manager" of Walter's company (Edward G. Robinson).

The Insurance Company undertook to pay double, but in the end it was the guilty pair who paid, twice. (Pictures by courtesy of Paramount.)



Dietrichson is tricked into signing the "double indemnity" insurance on his own life. He is really signing his own death warrant without knowing it.



Neff impersonates Dietrichson, who has already been killed while driving to the station, on a railway journey Dietrichson was to have taken. The guilty lovers plan to give their crime the appearance of an accident.



Neff jumps from the observation car, and the body of Dietrichson is placed on the line. The "perfect crime" has worked to plan. Nothing to do now, except collect the insurance money.



Barton Keyes has smelt a rat. He dismisses the police theory that it was an accident, and sets to work to unravel the crime. He contacts Neff's companion of the observation car, who, on being shown photographs of the dead man, swears that it was not Dietrichson he saw there. Barton Keyes is getting warmer!



Neff sees the red light. He meets Phyllis by arrangement in a grocery store, and tells her that the town's getting too hot for them. Phyllis refuses to back out. (Go on to page 3)

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



OIL was in the news recently, and it came as a great surprise to many to learn that there are oil wells in Great Britain. Free-flowing petroleum at the rate of about 300 tons a year was struck as early as 1919 in a 3,000ft. boring at Hardstoft (Derbyshire), a few years subsequent to the discovery of a smaller well in Nottingham. Signs of petroleum had been observed by geologists in many parts of England and Scotland 80 or 90 years ago, but they were not regarded as very significant until the U-boat blockade of the 1914-18 war caused a petrol shortage and stimulated further investigation.

The production of oil by distilling shale, a process which does not appeal to the imagination quite so strongly, was an important Scottish industry many years ago, and lumps of a kind of paraffin wax were found so abundantly in the Edinburgh freestone quarries that the quarry workmen used to make their candles out of it.



SAM GOLDWYN is the hero of a great many stories. Here is the latest related to me by Alfred Hitchcock, now in London from Hollywood:—

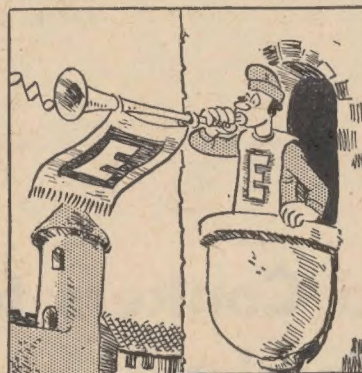
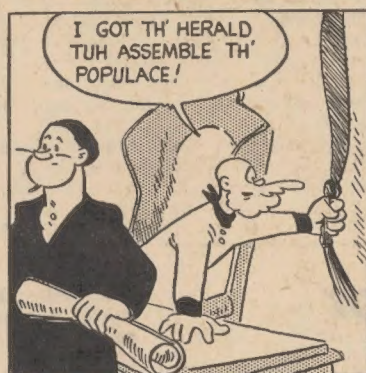
Goldwyn's secretary, it seems, wanted to scrap several years' correspondence from the files, to save room. Goldwyn said that the letters might be wanted some day. The secretary persisted. "Well," said Sam largely, "I guess it may be all right, but you had better make copies to be on the safe side."



JOSEPH EDWARD SOUTHALL the well-known painter, died at his home, Edgbaston, Birmingham. He was 83.

In Italy, Mr. Southall studied the art of painting in tempera, and later he taught the method to young painters in Birmingham. The art gallery there contains many examples of his work.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE





Neff learns that Phyllis has already murdered one husband. He calls on her late at night and tells her that he is getting out. Phyllis fires at him and wounds him. He snatches the revolver and shoots her twice. One murderess has paid the price.

Neff staggers back to the insurance company and dictates a complete confession on the dictaphone in Barton Keyes' office. In the morning, Keyes finds him dying. The price has been paid—twice!

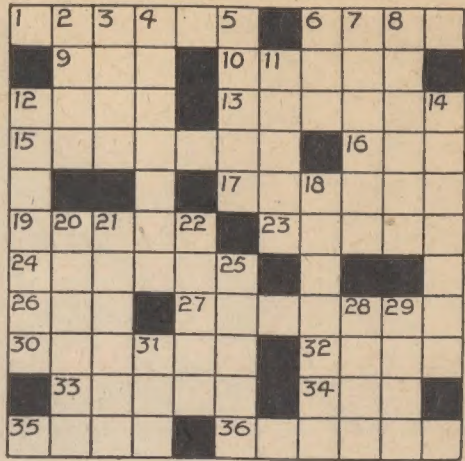
WANGLING WORDS—483

1. Put a beam in PER and get a supplication.
2. Rearrange the following letters to make four kinds of pipe: SACHERUMME, SLAB-HAAC, AKOHIHO, HWRAIN-CHECRUD.
3. In the following five English towns the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 364K, 37625L, 8627, 814469, 81495C8.
4. Two of the answers to the above questions lie hidden in the following. Can you see them? If, said the professor, you will shove the apparatus and block the top ray, errors are bound to occur.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 482

1. Delft.
2. DAHLIA, BLUEBELL, CROCUS, SNOWDROP.
3. Northamptonshire, Kent, Berkshire, Northumberland.

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.**
1. Reach high.
 6. Obligation
 9. Shropshire town.
 10. Weave.
 12. Clasp.
 13. Trusting.
 15. Meantime.
 16. Large cask.
 17. Judge's private room.
 19. Brushwood.
 23. Knobs.
 24. Piece of rubber.
 26. Limb.
 27. Perceptible.
 30. Dropped.
 32. Reptile.
 33. Jibs.
 34. Former.
 35. Provide.
 36. Exit.

BC SKUA COB
LANCE SHAPE
ORION SARAH
WREN BUNDLE
ICEBERG S
TEE ALE HOT
H GRASSED
ENTITY WAIT
MAUVE CAROL
EMBER UNDUE
SEA SARK SW

- CLUES DOWN.**
2. Big bird.
 3. Nuisance.
 4. Impulse.
 5. Of morals.
 6. Immerse.
 7. At one.
 8. Holding.
 11. Lady.
 12. Pronoun.
 14. Ground.
 18. Senior scholar.
 20. Wrinkle.
 21. Sort of sleeve.
 22. Sloping edge.
 25. Wash lightly.
 28. Trunk.
 29. Boys.
 31. Cover.

JANE



QUIZ for today

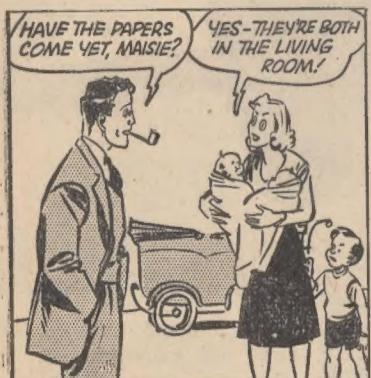
your first name or your surname?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Gold, Silver, Tin, Lead, Zinc, Aluminium, Nickel?

Answers to Quiz in No. 542

1. A sprag is a small brad, young cod, leaf-bud, spike on barbed wire, wooden bowl?
2. Who first introduced potatoes into Europe, and when?
3. Is the tower (or spire) at the front or back of an ordinary small church?
4. What is the difference between beer and ale?
5. Which is your "real"—of capacity; others apply to i.e., most important—name, particular subjects.
1. Kind of cloth.
2. Cingalese (or Singhalese).
3. Yellow Wagtail.
4. July 4, 1776.
5. 1876.
6. Litre is a general measure of capacity; others apply to i.e., most important—name, particular subjects.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Sport Oddities

HERE'S a question for the Sports Brains Trust. At what famous sporting contest does the umpire always sit on an elephant? As they probably will be baffled, here is the answer: The Kadir Cup, the "championship" for the sport of pig-sticking, after polo, long the most popular outdoor sport for cavalymen in India. The reason the umpire (and the referees) sit on an elephant is to enable them to be safe and yet follow the fast movements of the horsemen. In normal times the Kadir Cup contest is decided in March, and the eliminating heats, each with three or four horsemen take a week.

And here's another for the Brains Trust. In what country is playing football most popular? Britain? You're wrong. The emphasis is on playing.

Denmark is the country where the greatest proportion of the inhabitants are football players—38.5 in every 1,000 men, women and children. In Britain the figure is less than half, 17.5 per 1,000. But Britain, with her greater population, of course, has more players—797,000 belonging to about 40,000 recognised clubs.

When it comes to watching football, Britain is far ahead of the other 20 European countries where football is normally played. The basis is the number of grounds capable of holding 20,000 or more spectators. Of the 250 grounds in Europe, more than half are in Britain. More people watch football in Britain than in all the rest of Europe put together.

These figures don't include Ireland. A few years ago the Irish President, Dr. Douglas Hyde, went to watch an international football match between Ireland and Poland.

As a result, his name was removed from the list of patrons of the Gaelic Athletic Association, which controls national pastimes in Ireland. Members are forbidden to watch games of soccer, rugger or cricket, as these are "foreign games".

This isn't the first or last time football has been "forbidden." In 1938 the Rumanian Minister of Education issued a decree forbidding schoolboys playing or watching football matches. The reason was that "football enthusiasm among Rumania's youth seriously interferes with their education."

Alex Cracks

Guy: "Everything I touch lately goes wrong."
Girl: "Keep your distance, Buddy!"

Her family tree may be of interest, but if her limbs are outstanding, there's greater interest.

Good Morning

THIS ENGLAND. "This is the sort of spot we like to come upon some burning August day, when the heat shimmers above the long white road stretching endlessly into the distance, and we've still miles to go before nightfall. This lovely oasis is near Dunster, in Somerset . . ."



"Mid-morning milk's one thing — and not a bad thing at that. But washing-up's another thing altogether — and about as bad a thing as happens in the day. Funny thing is, it always seems to happen to me."



"... And this is the sort of companion we like to have with us when we step off the dusty road into the clinging coolness beside the stream. This lovely oasis is Jeanne Crain, of the 20th Century-Fox Studios, near Hollywood, in California."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

